

*Epilogue.*

First my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.  
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech,  
to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you  
vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and  
what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine own mar-  
ring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to  
you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſplea-  
ſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a bet-  
ter: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il ven-  
ture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle cre-  
ditors looſe, here I promiſe you I would be, and here I com-  
mit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you  
ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I  
kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you  
commaund me to uſe my legges? And yet that were but light  
payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſci-  
ence will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo woulde I: all  
the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen  
will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentle-  
women, which was neuer ſcene in ſuch an aſſemblic.

One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much  
cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the  
ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Ka-  
tharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe  
ſhall die of a ſweat, vneleſſe already a be killd with your harde  
opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the  
man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid  
you, good night.

FINIS.